

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

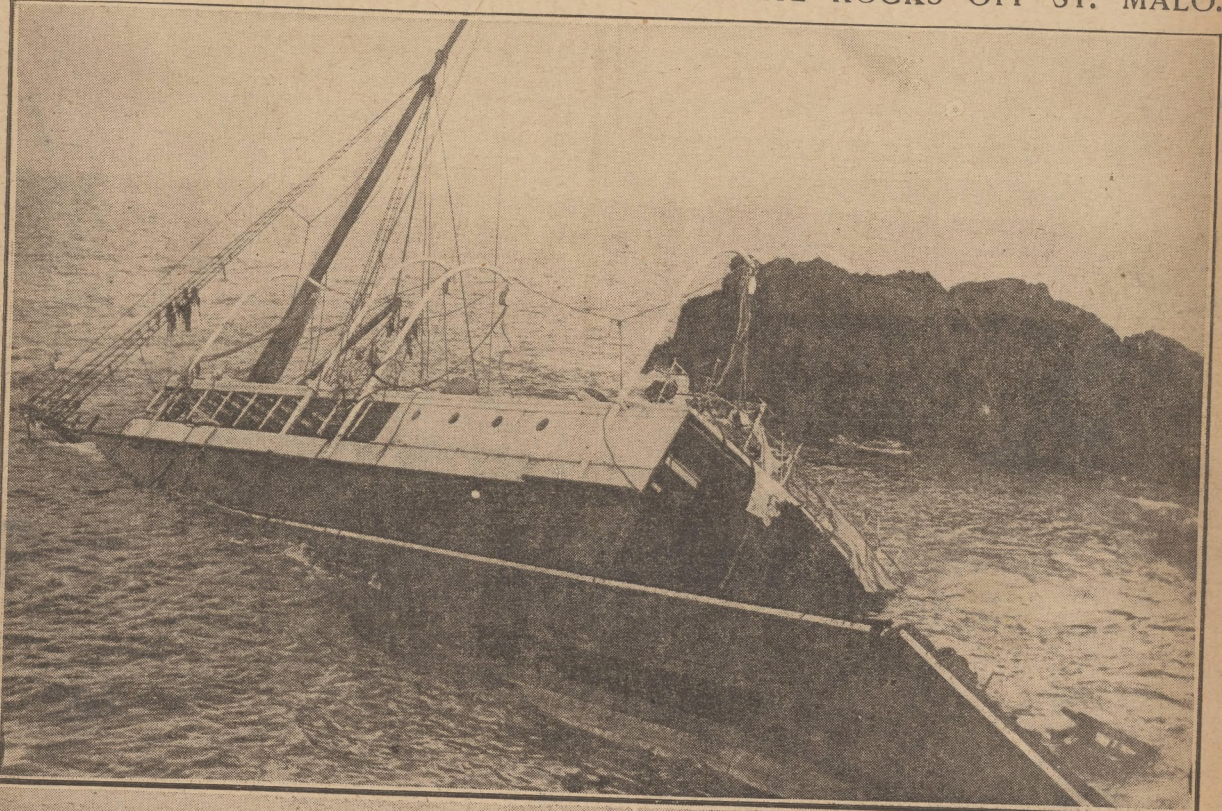
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One Halfpenny.

THE ILL-FATED HILDA AS SHE LIES ON THE ROCKS OFF ST. MALO.



At high water, when the Hilda went ashore in a blinding snowstorm, the "wolves' teeth" rocks on which she struck were hidden beneath an angry sea. The above photographs, taken at low water, show the vessel, which twice a week for over twenty years has crossed the Channel, lying broken in half. In the top picture is seen the masthead on which Grinter clung for so many hours until rescued by the Ada. The five Bretons saved were taken from the rigging immediately below.

(Continued on page 4.)

SULTAN DEFIES THE POWERS.

Rejects Their Demands and Prepares To Defend the Dardanelles.

The situation in the Near East is very serious. Adept though he is at playing the Powers off against each other and evading their demands, the Sultan has seldom appeared so defiant.

The Powers demanded international control of the finances of Macedonia. Yesterday Reuter's Constantinople correspondent telegraphed that the Ministerial deliberations at Yildiz had resulted in a decision unfavourable to the scheme for the international financial control of Macedonia.

Mr. Heathcote-Smith, who has been promoted to be dragoman of the British Embassy, had left for the Piræus to place himself at the disposal of the British naval commander. The international fleet of the Powers is within easy steam of the Dardanelles.

Vice-Admiral Husni Pasha has left Constantinople by special steamer for the Dardanelles, and it is stated that he bears instructions to the commander of the forts there as to his conduct in the event of the appearance of the fleet. Similar instructions have likewise been sent to the Governors of the islands of the Archipelago.

England, France, Italy, and Austria have each sent two warships. Germany is not represented, the official reason being that she has no warships in the Mediterranean.

But it is stated that this Power is not anxious to coerce the Sultan, and the Constantinople correspondent of the "Liberte" telegraphs that it is reported that the Sultan has ordered two and a half million Turkish pounds to be spent in war material to be purchased in Germany as the price of her abstention in the present crisis.

OUR PRINCESS-QUEEN.

King Haakon and His Consort Sail for Their New Kingdom.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—With great ceremony King Haakon of Norway, accompanied by Queen Maud, left Copenhagen this morning for Norway.

Their Majesties drove in a magnificent state carriage, escorted by a detachment of hussars, to the landing-stage, where they embarked on board the King of Denmark's yacht Dannebrog.

King Haakon was attired in the uniform of a Danish admiral, and when bidding farewell to King Christian both their Majesties exhibited considerable emotion.

As the vessel got under way King Haakon, Queen Maud, and the little Crown Prince Olaf waved their adieux from the deck of the Dannebrog to the crowd which had assembled.—Exchange.

At the Lappegrund lightship (says Reuter) the royal yacht was joined by a German battleship.

PRINCE'S SPORT SPOILED.

Crowd Seares Tiger Which He Travelled Far To Shoot.

JAIPUR, Thursday.—The Prince of Wales went to Sanganer in the hope of bagging another tiger, but was disappointed.

A tiger had been marked down, but disappeared an hour and a half before the arrival of the Prince. Having been scared by the noise of crowds of people whose the event attracted, many mounted on camels.—Reuter Special.

MILLIONAIRE'S SON SHOT.

Accident to Mr. Marshall Field, Whose Father Is the Richest Man After Rockefeller.

Mr. Marshall Field, jun., son of the Chicago dry goods merchant, who is said to be the richest man in the world after Rockefeller, lies in hospital in a precarious condition as the result of accidentally shooting himself while cleaning a gun.

In September last some sensation was caused in London by his father's marriage to Mrs. Delia Spencer Caton, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the public being strictly excluded from the church during the ceremony.

KING EDWARD'S HOLIDAY.

King Edward went on a motor-car excursion through several West Norfolk villages yesterday afternoon, rain having caused his Majesty to abandon the idea of going out to shoot.

His Majesty is likely to be back in London for any length of time until the middle of December.

The King has appointed the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal, as Governor of Madras, in succession to Lord Amphil.

EMPLOYING THE UNEMPLOYED.

Work Begins To-day in Paddington, Battersea, and West Ham—Fulham Starts To-morrow.

OUR READERS' GENEROUS RESPONSE.

(Continued from page 3.)

a "half-sheet of paper," value £17 10s., which will give another day's work for 100 men. This, we consider, is the best way to congratulate you on your business-like method of dealing with the willing unemployed."

"An American" says: "I consider your scheme for helping the unemployed a very sensible one, and enclose a two-dollar bill (\$2.44) towards the fund."

Many of the contributors "do good by stealth." From an Essex vicarage comes two guineas with this proviso: "I should prefer that my name be not mentioned." And on paper headed "Fernside, Bickley," simply this: "P.O. 10s., work for unemployed."

"A Constant Reader" (Merton) gives a useful hint: "I trust many more of your readers who, like myself, cannot afford more than 3s. 6d., will bear in mind that if they can only spare this small sum it will enable you to 'employ one more.'"

Another 3s. 6d. comes from "J. A.S., Eastbourne," for your grand, ideal unemployed fund, in deep gratitude that I am in work."

Small Shopkeepers' Advantage.

A letter from Fulham puts forward a very sensible view of the matter: "Your plan of at once setting the unemployed to work in their own locality I certainly approve, for the following among other reasons—because the wages thus earned will be spent in the locality with advantage to the struggling small shopkeepers (who are very little better off than the unemployed)."

An Eitham correspondent says: "I am much struck with your practical scheme, because it does not manufacture paupers and helps those who are willing to work. I limit myself to 10s. per week pocket-money, out of which I intend, while the distress continues, to send you 3s. 6d. per week. If everyone would follow suit, it would about settle the question."

Here, to conclude with, is a letter of thanks from one of our workers: "16, Cumberland-street, Pimlico, S.W.—Many thanks for the two days' work which I have received through you, and also for the kindness your representative has shown us, as it has been the means of providing my family of ten with food each day.—Your obedient servant, John Knight."

THE WORKMEN'S MITE.

A. P. N., a foundryman, brought 18s. to the *Daily Mirror* office yesterday morning. "My mates and I were reading the *Daily Mirror* to-day," he said, "and we thought at once how much we would like to help working men less fortunate than ourselves. Some of us had been out of work in other days, and so we knew what the pinch of poverty was."

"Twenty-four of us subscribed 18s. between us, five more will have a day's work, and there will be 6d. over towards a sixth man's day. We only wish we could do more."

LORD CHEYLESMORE'S PRAISE.

Nothing could be more flattering to the *Daily Mirror* scheme than what Lord Cheylesmore, the Mayor of Westminster, had to say about it yesterday.

He is a member of the Central Committee of the Queen's Unemployed Fund, and, when interviewed, had just returned from the first meeting.

"We have had rather a talkative meeting," he said, "and we hope soon to have a scheme. When I cannot say. That is where your idea is so excellent, and so much better than ours. There are no committee meetings, no large central body to be set going, no talk. You get the money to-day, and the work is done and paid for to-morrow. It is the acme of simplicity."

WHY THE SCHEME SUCCEEDED.

The *Daily Mirror* scheme has succeeded beyond all hopes, and the reasons are not far to seek. The scheme does what it sets out to do. It gives work, and for that work it gives wages. And, before all, it does it at once.

There is no red-tape about it. There is no room for any, and no time.

As the money is subscribed by the *Daily Mirror* readers, the *Daily Mirror* spends it on the object for which it was sent. Money subscribed yesterday afternoon was promised before night, and will be paid out in hard cash this evening. And for that money 300 men will have done good and useful work.

There is not the faintest suggestion of charity about the work. But for the lack of funds the work would have been done long ago.

Every 3s. 6d. that reaches the *Daily Mirror* office gives unemployed workmen the opportunity

of doing a day's productive work. Every cheque for £17 10s. gives 100 men work and saves their wives and children from the miseries of hunger.

No scheme could be more practical. The scheme started on Monday. By Saturday evening 1,100 men will have had a day's work!

JOY IN WEST HAM.

Councillor Cunningham, who arranged for the 100 men to start work in West Ham this morning, under the *Daily Mirror* scheme, yesterday explained the condition of things in that borough, and how intensely welcome and practical the scheme is. "There is more distress in West Ham," he said, "than in any of the other boroughs. Last year it was bad enough; this year it is worse. It is appalling. Out of 300,000 souls, 40,000 are in want because the breadwinners cannot get work. Of these 10,000 are men willing to work; 7,000 of them have wives and children."

"In West Ham to-day there are at least 5,000 souls who are literally starving. Their clothes, furniture, bedding, everything in the house has been sold to buy bread. Now there is nothing left to sell."

Die Like Flies.

"Scarlet fever is raging, brought about, a doctor tells me, simply from want of nourishment. The fever hospitals can hold no more. Unless succour come soon they will die like flies."

"One small instance—a man of thirty-five, with a wife and five children. He has had no work for eighteen weeks; he owes £6 15s. in rent. In order to pay one week's rent (5s. 6d.) he sold most of the clothes off his own back, the bedding, and furniture."

"Unless something is done soon," said one of these poor wretches to me yesterday, "hundreds of us will die of sheer starvation."

"Within a few hours I was able to tell him that the *Daily Mirror* had offered to pay wages for a day's work. You should have seen his face light up."

"The £17 10s. the *Daily Mirror* is spending in West Ham to-day will provide food for more than 400 starving men, women, and little children."

YESTERDAY'S WORK.

In the cold rain and wind at daylight yesterday the *Daily Mirror* squad began its fourth day's work. All but one were new men, the one man being a musician out of work with eight children and a wife to support. As he was known as such to the authorities he was given the extra day's labour, for which he took the trouble to thank the *Daily Mirror* personally.

The men began work under difficulties. The streets were filled with mud, which the rain quickly turned into chocolate-coloured slime; the tools had to be exchanged for squeegees, and the men redistributed so as not to work over pavements flooded by the "flushers." The majority of the men began the day without breakfast, and at noon most of them rested quietly during lunch-hour, not having any money to buy food.

The work was no complaining. When the day was over the gangers said the results from the day's work were well worth the money spent, and one or two officials admitted that the streets, especially Whitehall, were cleaner than they had been for months. The men that worked all day on empty stomachs were recruited from the class that some persons declare could not be got to work for any consideration.

Starving to Death.

An investigation of the condition of some of the men and their families yesterday made it clear why so many can starve to death in London, as noted this week by the newspapers, and it also showed why there has been such a vast increase of pauperism recently. "Governmental machinery, with its red tape, is nothing less than a pauper factory," said one of the men with a starving family.

Of the total workers yesterday eighty-four were married, sixteen single, and the total number of children was 196. The occupations of the men are as follows:—Two stokers, six painters, one carpenter, one musician, two porters, one farmhand, one carpenter's labourer, one paviour, one valet, one packer, ten carmen or drivers, one plumber's mate, one clerk, one French polisher, one coachman, one telegraph wireman, two handy men, two waiters, one hotel porter, sixty-three labourers (such as excavators, scaffolders, etc.).

When the men were paid off last night a rather rare thing occurred.

Nearly two dozen of the men crowded round the *Daily Mirror* representative and stated almost in unison that they and all of the men who had been given a day's work were very grateful, and they wanted the *Daily Mirror* and the public also to know it. No one who has not visited the homes can know what the day's work meant to the men.

"TOMFOOLERY" PLAYS.

Mr. H. A. Jones Repeats His Criticism of the British Drama.

"It is quite correct, tomfoolery was the word I used," said Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to the *Daily Mirror* upon his arrival in Liverpool yesterday from New York, after a tour of inspection of the theatres in fifteen of the largest cities in the United States.

An American interviewer had credited Mr. Jones with saying that the British stage is swamped with tomfoolery. "But I have been making the same statement for ten years," exclaimed the dramatist when confirming the accuracy of the report.

"If a body of literati and dramatic critics will read the manuscripts of the popular plays now in vogue on the British stage they will come to the same conclusion," Mr. Jones continued.

"In my opinion there has been no true drama of any quality put successfully before the public in London since 'Mrs. Dane's Defence.' Please make it clear, however, that I am speaking from the standpoint of art, and not amusement."

"Obviously the public are at present thoroughly satisfied with the stuff that is put before them, and as one who has benefited much in a pecuniary way from catering for public amusement, I should be ungrateful if I were to be deliberately offensive."

"Personally, I think there will soon be a reaction."

HILDA WRECK IN COURT.

Confidential Clerk To Deal with Business of the Drowned Solicitor.

The wreck of the Hilda was mentioned yesterday in connection with an application made in the Probate Court.

Mr. Drake, the confidential clerk of Mr. J. W. Sykes, who was drowned, wanted a grant ad colligenda bona. Mr. Sykes carried on business as a solicitor at Winchester House.

Mr. Drake was given the grant, enabling him to deal with matters of the business and to give authority for the removal of the body to this country.

The Mayor of Southampton's Fund in aid of the widows and orphans of the crew now amounts to £600.

Mrs. Grinter, the wife of the sole survivor of the crew, has received a letter from her husband in which he writes: "You will see by this there is not much the matter with me now. It is only my limbs that are now troublesome."

Notice of a vote of £2,000 for the relief of families of victims has been given in the French Chamber, and a public subscription list is to be opened in Paris.

GALES STILL RAGING.

Lifeboat Badly Damaged in Rescuing Crew of Wrecked Smack.

Several shipping casualties have to be recorded to-day, owing to the gales, after a temporary abatement, having resumed in full fury.

The smack New Boy was totally wrecked at Lowestoft yesterday, and the local lifeboat was badly damaged in rescuing the crew. Rough times were experienced by the Continental mail steamers in the Channel, and the Portsmouth barge Rochester was driven ashore at Seabrook.

Grave fears are entertained for the safety of the Albion, which left Santander for Middlesbrough on November 11. Captain Herod had fifteen men under him.

THE CHURCH AND WOMEN.

Church Council Refuses to Let Female Voters Take Part in Election.

The Bishop of Birmingham's motion at yesterday's meeting of the representative Church Council at Westminster, that persons qualified to vote for the election of members of the Lay House should either be actual communicants or admissible to Holy Communion, and should be members of no other religious communion than the Church of England, provoked much discussion.

Amendments, however, by the Bishop of Hereford who desired to extend the franchise largely, his proposed qualification would have enabled women to vote—and by Mr. W.-D. Hollis, who wished to limit the franchise to actual communicants, were decisively defeated.

WHAT DO GERMANS EAT?

In order that they may examine for themselves the condition of the German workman, Mr. Moreing, the Unionist candidate for Gainsborough, has offered to pay the expenses and wages of six Gainsborough workmen who shall visit Germany.

This is designed as a reply to the free trade extremists that the protectionist Germany the workmen live on horseflesh, dogfish, and black bread.

BATTLE OF THE MEDWAY.

H.M.S. Bustard Beats to Quarters to Bombard a Terrible Foe.

PROLONGED FIRING.

Six-inch Guns Used To Sink a Blazing Coal-Hulk.

While the naval might of Britain and its roll of fame continue in the pages of the world's history, so long will the glorious deeds performed by H.M.S. Bustard at the battle of the Medway yesterday send a thrill of admiration tingling through the veins of those who read.

A foe—an awful, blazing foe—appeared on the waters of the Medway, threatening destruction far and wide. Every available force was opposed to her with no success, and all seemed lost. Then the Bustard engaged her, and after prolonged and fierce fighting gained a splendid victory.

Not since the days of the second Charles, when the inviolability of our home waters was invaded by De Ruyter, has a hostile ship of war appeared in the Medway. The insult, repeated after a lapse of centuries, was magnificently avenged by the Bustard.

The Villain of the Peace.

The morning over the Thames mouth broke dirty and drizzly. It was an ugly dawn, in keeping with the horror that was to follow.

Off the quays of Port Victoria, in Sheppey Isle, lay a vessel that has hitherto been peace loving, generally known as the coal-hulk Forte. In distant days this ship was a frigate. Before she became a receiving boat for supermarines, and then a coal hulk, she had been a flagship on a foreign station.

Possibly it was the memory of the martial long ago and sudden-born greed for glory that caused her, without either rhyme or reason, to turn on her native country.

On board she had 2,400 tons of coal, and thus equipped she burst into a blaze just about breakfast time.

The very existence of Port Victoria as a town straightway hung in the balance. A fiery fete throughout the adjacent shipping. The conflagration was so huge that it was feared that the great arsenal of Chatham, many miles distant up the river, might be involved in the general destruction. The flames shot hundreds of feet high, and cast a lurid glare from the hills of Kent to the swamps of Essex.

Boldly the men of naval fire parties, hastily got together, advanced to attack the enemy. But they fell away, scorched off by the colossal furnace. The little craft that bore their hose could get nowhere within its range.

Then there was a cry: "The mines! The mines!"

Two of these terrible engines of destruction were hurled against the foe. They were sent on their fearful mission by boats from the battleship Resolution. Never had the men of that ship been more resolute. But the mines exploded resultlessly, belied by the coal-packed sides of the flaming Forte.

It was about this time that despair began to seize the minds of the beholders.

Decks Cleared for Action.

But suddenly a low, dark form appeared in the offing. It was the Bustard to the rescue. From Sheerness she came steaming, this plucky gunboat, her decks cleared for action, her men at quarters, and her 6-in. guns trimmed for the fray.

In her coming-tower her captain calmly surveyed the conflagration. The crisis had no terror for his nerves.

Boom! Boom! The echo came rolling back across the waters from the pier of Southsea. The Bustard had fired one of her 6-in. guns. Manœuvring with as much precision as if she were engaged at a naval review, and not a sea-fight, she let the Forte have the full impact of another 6-in. gun discharge. Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Time after time the 6-in. guns were sent forth. On the quays terrified and huddled crowds watched the life-and-death struggle breathless. Would the Forte never go down? Were the efforts of the undaunted Bustard to be as fruitless as those of the hose and the mines?

For a space of time that seemed hours, the Bustard boomed away. Then, of a sudden, a mighty cheer went up. The Forte was seen to be heeling over slowly, and still blazing defiance. Then there was a hissing, horrible splash. The fiery Leviathan had gone to the bottom.

The 6-in. guns of the Bustard had conquered at last. After this Port Victoria went with lightened heart to dinner, calculating what a warm three hours of its any modern De Ruyter would have if he braved the guardians of the Medway.

"More drastic remedies for inebriates are necessary," declared Dr. Ramsay, vice-chairman of the Lancashire Inebriates Board, at its last session yesterday.

ROMANCE OF A WILL.

Major Seeks To Benefit a Man Who Helped Him in the Street.

Strange and painful stories in connection with the will of the late Major Algernon Seymour Tollenmache, who died at Southsea in April, 1904, were told in the Probate Court yesterday.

The will in dispute was propounded by the executors of the late Mr. T. B. Coleman, of Southsea, and opposed by Mrs. Tollenmache, widow of the major, and his son, Algernon. It was contended for the widow and son that the major was of unsound mind at the time he made the will, and that the signature attached to it was not his.

Counsel said that Major Tollenmache had made a will in favour of his wife, but in 1890 she secured a judicial separation from him on the grounds of his cruelty, and after that he lived with a nurse named Miss Hubbard at Southsea.

In 1893 Major Tollenmache was left an income for life of about £2,000 a year, with remainder to his son, by the Hon. Francis Tollenmache. Later, by the death of Lord Charles Bruce, another £5,000 came to the estate.

Major Tollenmache made a second will in favour of the nurse, Miss Hubbard, but she died, whereupon he made this will in favour of Mr. Coleman, once manager of the British Supply Stores in Portsmouth, who had once rendered him assistance in the street. This Mr. Coleman committed suicide in April last.

Witnesses said that Miss Hubbard and the late major drank to excess, and that the nurse died of heart disease brought on by drink.

On the other hand, several doctors who had attended Major Tollenmache said his mind was sound, and a servant said she had witnessed his signature to the will. The case was adjourned.

THE "ICE MAIDEN."

Subject of Remarkable Love-Letters Too Ill To Appear and Give Evidence.

Proceedings in the "Ice Maiden's" matrimonial case before the Divorce Court yesterday were quite spoiled by the absence of Mr. Oswald Mosley, the "dear little Ossy" of the love-letters.

This absence, the president pointed out, was not unavoidable.

Mr. Mosley had been subpoenaed, so one of Mrs. Hamilton's legal advisers said, but apparently he did not desire to be present.

Mr. Rawlinson, K.C.: I have realised that for some time.

A friend of Mr. Mosley's threw some light on the matter. He had received a communication from Mr. Mosley's solicitors, which said that Mr. Mosley's health rendered it undesirable that he should undergo the ordeal of cross-examination. But the president took another view. It was clear that Mr. Mosley could come to court, he said. There would be an adjournment to allow him an opportunity of doing so.

"MONTE CARLO WELLS"

Again Appears with a Clergyman To Answer a Charge of Fraud.

Vivyan Moyle, a clergyman, and William Davenport, better known as Wells, "the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo," again appeared at the Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday to answer a charge of fraud.

The Treasury case is that the prisoners obtained some £5,000 from investors in connection with a bogus company called the South and South-West Coast Steam Trawling and Fishing Company.

It was stated that the sole assets of the company were two worthless ships and a Japanese doll.

Mr. Joseph Edwards, an Enfield grocer, said he invested £100 in the syndicate. He received a letter from Moyle stating:

"If I were not perfectly sure of the soundness of the security I would not have brought three personal friends of my own into it. One is a vicar. I am a clergyman of the Church of England."

The accused were again remanded.

INJURED FOR LIFE IN A "RAG."

"It is most lamentable," said the Deputy Mayor of Cambridge yesterday, referring to the case of Constable Bonghen, who was kicked by an unknown rascal in the "rag" last November. The constable's spine is so injured he will be unable to resume his duties. It was decided to give him a life pension equal to full pay.

£3,000,000 COMBINE.

Two famous engineering firms, Cammell, Laird, and Co., Limited, of Birkenhead, and the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, of Glasgow, are to combine.

The total capital of the former company amounts to nearly £3,000,000, and that of the latter to £750,000.

COURTSHIP A TRADE.

Social Pest Who Lived by Making Marriage Proposals.

LIGHTNING LOVE-MAKER.

How fatally easy it is to deceive a woman—especially an uneducated woman—by an appeal to her sentimental side, was shown in a remarkable case at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

A man named William West, described as an engineer, but really one of those social pests who do no honest work, and prey on the weaknesses of women, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for an amazing series of cruel and petty frauds.

West, according to the prosecuting counsel, had "a wonderful way" with him in his associations with women, as the following charges of obtaining money by false pretences proved:—

From Alice Shakespeare, 3s.; from Mary Catherine Pickley, £2, a ring, and a brooch; from Isabella Kirk, £3.

All these three young women, said counsel, were domestic servants, and, so impressed were they by West's methods of love-making, that they completely succumbed to his wiles. He was so successful that he met one woman in the afternoon, made love and robbed her, and in the evening repeated the same process in regard to another woman.

Marriage Credit System.

Alice Shakespeare he met on October 11. The counsel so developed that when she suggested the purchase (for herself) of a pair of corsets, he gallantly replied, "Oh, you need not do that. Give me a shilling, and I'll get you a very nice pair."

Then he commenced borrowing money, strengthening his hold on the girl by fixing the wedding-day.

His next adventure was singular.

He encountered a young woman, who, when they parted, gave her name and address as that of a fellow-servant—Miss Kirk.

To Miss Kirk he wrote: "I will be true to you, and I am sure you will be true to me. God bless you and keep you safe to me."

Although this was the first intimation of West's existence to Miss Kirk, she met the man, who calmly transferred his affections to her.

He was eventually captured through his carelessness. He had represented that he was in the employ of Edison and Swan, and Miss Kirk's master, anxious about the man making love to his servant, inquiring the fact, found that the prisoner three years ago had used their name to victimise domestic servants.

Career of Fraud.

It was found that in October, 1902, he had been sentenced to nine months' hard labour for obtaining £600 from a servant girl by proposing marriage. One person had identified his photograph as that of a man through whose deception his daughter had committed suicide.

Judge: I see that one of the girls had only come from the workhouse a short time before, and that he sent this telegram to her: "Get evening off. Meet me outside.—Brother William."

Delicious! He signed "Brother William" by arrangement. He told the girl that if any inquiries were made by her master she was to say he was her brother.

Judge (to prisoner): Have you anything to say?—No; nothing at all.

Judge: Three years' penal servitude.

£33,000 CHARGES.

Striking Evidence of the Lady Typist in City Frauds Case.

A terribly severe cross-examination of Webber, the Putney ironmonger, who, with Leslie, Cheeseman, and Rosenberg, is charged with the £30,000 long-firm frauds, and some sensational evidence from Miss Cheeseman, marked yesterday's hearing of the case at the Old Bailey.

Webber, cross-examined by Mr. Matthews, was finally asked to explain his note to the effect that the electric sparking plugs were "very urgent." He answered, faintly, "I can give no explanation." To another question he replied, "I know it looks very bad."

Then Miss Cheeseman said that Webber, paying her 30s. a week wages as manager, engaged the offices at Terminus Chambers, Holborn. In view of Webber's denial of all knowledge of the business at this address, this evidence created a sensation. The hearing was again adjourned.

FORTUNE FROM PENCILS.

Employees of the firm of Messrs. A. W. Faber, pencil manufacturers, of London, Berlin, Paris, and New York, benefit largely by the will of the late Baroness Ottilie von Faber, who left estate in the United Kingdom valued at £25,733 10s.

Among her bequests is £750 for Charles Seimert, the London manager.

NEW GAME FOR WOMEN.

"Schlagen Ball," the Latest Substitute for the Delights of Hockey.

Schlagen ball is the newest game for athletic members of the fair sex. It comes from Germany, where it occupies the same position as hockey does in this country.

At present Schlagen ball is very little known, and the Battersea Polytechnic is the only place where it is played. Miss Morse, the lady instructor in the gymnasium, introduced the game, believing it would be a welcome change from hockey.

Schlagen ball is a cross between rounders and baseball; and, translated, the name means "strike ball." The players are armed with a wooden "schlage" some two feet long, with which they have to strike the ball when bowled to them.

The game is played on an open space, 70 yards long by 50 wide, and no hits are allowed beyond the boundary. There are eight players on each side, but during actual play only one of the side which is "in" is on the field, although the whole side have to run to the opposite end of the field and back when a hit is made.

Points are scored by runs, catches, and hits, points being scored by their opponent if one of the running side is hit by the ball before she has crossed the boundary.

Schlagen ball is a game eminently suited for ladies, as it has all the excitement without any of the danger of hockey.

"DR." BRIDGEWATER ANGRY.

Says Prosecuting Counsel "Is at the Bottom of the Base Charge."

There was an exciting scene at the Old Bailey yesterday when the Common Serjeant resumed the hearing of the case against "Dr." Bridgewater and others of conspiring to defraud Mr. Marshall Fox, an American millionaire, of £819 by means of a forged cheque.

"Dr." Bridgewater, giving evidence on his own behalf, said he carried on business as a medical specialist in Old-street, and explained that Fisher, the convict on whose evidence the prosecution are placing some reliance, came to him as a patient.

Bridgewater, however, under cross-examination by Mr. Muir, the prosecuting counsel, became greatly excited, and darted out the taunt that he fell asleep during learned counsel's opening.

Suddenly Bridgewater exclaimed: "Mr. Muir is at the bottom of this base charge."

The Common Serjeant: If Bridgewater desires his counsel to represent him further he must be quiet, and not interrupt the proceedings.

Bridgewater: But I cannot sit here any longer and listen to—

The Common Serjeant: Sit down.

Bridgewater: I beg pardon.

The case was adjourned.

A BIRTHDAY NUMBER.

How To Obtain the Over-Seas "Daily Mail" Beginning To-day.

To-day the fifty-third and anniversary number of the Over-Seas "Daily Mail" appears, and this afternoon's and to-morrow's foreign mails are taking tens of thousands of these "weekly Messages from Home" to absent friends in all parts of the globe.

There is still time for those who have hitherto refrained from subscribing, to do so.

In order to ensure that the journal shall reach the most far-off home in time for Christmas or New Year, all that it is necessary to do is to order it.

All telegrams should be sent early to-day, made out as follows:—

Over-Seas "Daily Mail,"

London, E.C.

Send "Over-Seas" Arthur Smith, 130, Broadway, New York. (Insert your friend's postal address here). Subscription following.

On receipt of this message a specially-engaged staff will at once address the necessary wrapper, and this week's issue will be forwarded to your friend, without waiting for the money.

Those of our readers who have a telephone access can take to-day's issue of the "Over-Seas" Edition also sent to any address by simply ringing up No. 1301, Holborn, any time before midnight.

Ask for the "Over-Seas" Subscription Clerk on duty, and request him to forward the "Over-Seas" Edition week by week to your friend's address, commencing with to-day's issue.

The Over-Seas "Daily Mail" will be sent for one year week by week to any address in the world where a letter or newspaper can be delivered on receiving your undertaking that postal order for 7s. shall be forwarded by the first post.

CLEVER POLICE RAID.

The following sentences were passed at the Old Bailey in connection with the clever police raid made in Goswell-road, Clerkenwell:—

Alfred Feingstein, five years; Conrad Feingstein, eighteen months; Andrews, three years; Conway, twelve months.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. R. Glendinning, a prominent merchant in the City, yesterday announced that he would stand as an Independent candidate at the general election for West Belfast, where there will be an official Unionist and a Nationalist candidate.

No opposition is expected to be made to Mr. Fred Hall, of Rawmarsh, agent of the Yorkshire Miners' Association, who has been adopted by the miners as Liberal-Labour candidate for Norman-
ton Parliamentary Division.

Having mentioned that she was paid sevenpence per gross for making handkerchiefs, a poor Manchester woman who prosecuted her husband for neglect has received a sewing-machine from an anonymous donor.

It was stated yesterday in the London Bankruptcy Court that the failure of a business, the turnover of which was from £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 a year, was attributable to a rise in the price of

Thousands more passengers were carried by the L.C.C. tramways in the week ended on November 11 than in the corresponding period of last year.

Bronchial pneumonia has caused the death of Viscountess Malden, widow of the late Viscount in her eighty-second year. She will be buried at Walford at noon to-morrow.

Arriving in Liverpool by the Baltic yesterday Mr. F. C. Selous, the well-known explorer, told the *Daily Mirror* that he spent a month in Newfoundland hunting the caribou, a species of reindeer, more than three of which the Government will not allow one hunter to slay.

FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE HILDA.

A black and white photograph showing a large crowd of people gathered in an open square or street. In the center, there is a large, ornate float or altar, possibly for a religious procession, with several figures standing on it. The background features a large, multi-story building with arched windows, likely a church or a government building. The foreground is filled with people, some standing and others walking, creating a sense of a large gathering. The image has a grainy, historical quality.

Funeral procession of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and one daughter on its way to the cemetery at Dinand. The body of Miss Mildred Stanley, another daughter, has not yet been recovered.

West Ham was honoured by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught yesterday, on the occasion of the opening of a bazaar in aid of the Extension Fund of the West Ham and East London Hospital, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the late Duke of Cambridge.

On a site near Manchester the Great Central Railway Company will, it is reported, shortly erect their own workshops for the production of rolling stock and material.

John Green, whose body was found cut to pieces on the railway near Selby, had, it was stated, escaped from a York private asylum by creeping through a fanlight over a door.

Having accepted a tender for the supply of workhouse coffins at prices of 12s. only for adult and 6s. for second sizes, the Westbury Board of Guardians is dissatisfied with the quality and threatens to cancel the contract.

Their manager being ill, seven girls employed a weavers at the Folds Mill, Bolton, took advantage of his absence to clean up during the breakfast half-hour, and in consequence the mill-owners have been fined for a breach of the Factory Acts.

By granting 2s. 6d. a week outdoor relief to a woman with two children, both too young to work who was making nearly 12s. a week by her own earnings, the Halifax Board of Guardians has made a new departure. The woman, however, has to pay for the children being looked after while she is at work.

On the payment of costs, a summons against Twickenham contractor for alleged cruelty to horse was dismissed yesterday, the defence being that the horse suffered from "Monday disease," a form of lymphangitis, causing thinness and general disinclination to work—and not from starvation.

"DAILY MAIL."

SEE PAGE 15.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. **Mr. TREE.**
EVERY EVENING at 8, Charles Dickens's **OLIVER**
TWIST. Dramatised by J. Conyns Carr. **MATINEE**
EVERY SATURDAY, and WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.15.

NEW THEATRE.—CHARLES WYNDHAM.
To-night, at 9, Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 3.
CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE, by H. H. Davies.
CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Mrs. MARIAN BERRY, Miss **MARY MOORE.**

At 8.15, Mr. HENRY DE VRIES in "The Factory Fire."
LAST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.15.

Preceded, at 8.30, by LA MAIN, a Mimodrame in One Act
Miss CAMILLA DALBERG.
MATINEE, TO-MORROW, and EVERY WED. and SAT.
2.30.
Box Office open ten to ten. Tel. 3830 Gerrard.

MUSICAL SCENAS, SELECTIONS from "LA FILLE DU
MADAME ANGOT."
PROGRAMME at 6 to 8 p.m., only: JOSEPH AND HIS
BRETHREN Sims and Sims, Alexander, Max Frankly

LONDON HIPPODROME
 TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
 "AMONG THE STARS," FISHING CORMORANT
 "SAWADE," DIANE DE FONTENOY FOUR LECU
 "THE WARWICK THE TIPS POWELL

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

MASKELYNE and Cooke's, St. George's Hall, Lamb-place, Close To-morrow, Nov. 25, and Repeal Dec. 1. Last Performance of Autumn Season, To-morrow Nov. 25, at 3. First Performance of the Winter Season, Dec. 21, at 3, with brilliant Christmas Programme. Reserved Seats, 2s. to 5s. (Children under 10 half-price). Telephone, 1545, Mayfair. Telegrams, "Maskelyne," London.

Our Army past and present.
Seats 1s., 2s. 3s., and 4s., booked at Polytechnic and
Agents.

GRAVES GALLERIES.

GRAVES GALLERIES

U NOW ON EXHIBITION.
THE GREAT PAINTING, 30ft. by 16ft.,
"RED SUNDAY"
ST. PETERSBURG 22ND JANUARY, 1900

By the Celebrated Polish Painter,
MR. ALBERT KOSSAK.
This celebrated Picture, depicting as it does with st
realism the treatment meted out to a great people-wh
crime is asking for Liberty—was viewed by 2,000 pers

6, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.
10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A Genuine Home Employment.—Tinting small prints; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (20), 17, Ralagh-av, Fulham.

A Good Agency.—Respectable men in regular employment desirous of increasing their income, are invited to apply for terms and particulars of a spare time agency which they can supply clothing, drapery, boots and shoes, watches, jewellery, household requisites, musical instruments, bicycles, etc., for cash or credit; favourable terms.

AGENTS wanted; Kyl-Kol; 6d. packet saves $\frac{1}{2}$ ton of coal; one agent's profit, one week, £10 10s.; you can do this. R. Hoult, Birkenhead.

ART.—"How to Turn Talent to Account"; free book.
Secretary, 244, High Holborn, W.C.

EVENING Employment.—Hundreds of men have turned four hours to spare daily, and could in that time make a substantial addition to their income. If you wish to take advantage of a genuine offer of evening work, write for particulars S., 1942, "Daily Mirror," Whitefriars-st., E.C.

FREE.—Pocket Rubber Stamp of your name and address.
—Conditions and particulars of splendid paying spare work.—Apply Dept. Z., 89, Aldersgate-st., London.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

and from FREEHOLD Land, houses, bungalows, land, from 1 acre, in southern counties, for fruit, poultry, dairy farming, etc.; good roads, water; near rail and market towns; free deeds.—Homesteads (O). Limited. Essex-st, Strand.

"HOME" an illustrated magazine particularly interesting to the housewife.

to tenants; specimen copy post free on application, tioning "Daily Mirror," to the Editor, 3, Brushfield E.O.

PEOPLE are waking up to the fact that it is cheap to buy their houses than to pay rent. Some actual are illustrated in the current number of a magazine

will be sent post free to persons interested.—App
The Editor, 3, Brushfield-st, London, E.C. Ma
"Daily Mirror."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 1510 and 2190 Holborn. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflex," London. PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1905

HAPPINESS GOING CHEAP.

"I have no remedy to offer."

—Lord Rosebery.

We have given 400 men work.

—Daily Mirror.

THAT is the situation in two sentences. A striking comment upon the helplessness of our politicians nowadays! For Lord Rosebery, observe, is no more helpless and hopeless about the Unemployed than the other politicians. The cry of them all is "We have no remedy." They left it to the *Daily Mirror* to put a practical remedy in force.

What the genuine Unemployed ask for is work. What the average man asks for is some test to distinguish between the genuine Unemployed and the loafer who wants to live without working.

To these demands the politicians returned long-winded, evasive answers. They were either too slack or too stupid to do anything. Then the *Daily Mirror* stepped in and showed how the Unemployed and the average man could both be satisfied.

Giving money away is worse than useless. It encourages people to be unemployed. Every man who earns a *Daily Mirror* three and sixpence has to give a good three and sixpennyworth of work. That is one of the hinges of the scheme. If a man won't work hard enough, off he goes.

Another hinge is the usefulness of the work which is being done.

Anyone who denies that the London streets require more cleaning than they generally get must either be a bootblack or have a natural preference for dirt.

Four hundred men employed means that two thousand people at least have been saved from going to bed cold and hungry and getting up hungry and cold. To-day we continue our work.

Already generous readers have begun to send help. Every three and sixpence means the difference to a whole family between starvation and a good square meal. Every £17 10s. means the same thing to a hundred families, five hundred people.

Who will help to buy happiness at this remarkably cheap price? Five hundred people made happy for £17 10s! H.

GENERAL ELECTION AT LAST.

Ten days ago, after Mr. Balfour's speech at Southampton, an article in the *Daily Mirror* called "Mr. Chamberlain to Play" showed that the political situation was in the hands of the leader of the party of Fiscal Reform.

Mr. Balfour's policy of "going on as before" had just been submitted to 1,000 Conservative delegates. All but two had voted against it and in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Mr. Chamberlain, it was pointed out, held the trump card. Would he play it?

Well, at Bristol on Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain played it. He appealed to the Unionist Party to support a whole-hearted policy of Fiscal Reform. In other words, he said, "Follow me instead of Mr. Balfour."

The consequence of this appears to be that Mr. Balfour intends to resign. Leading articles in the "Times" and "Daily Telegraph" yesterday foreshadowed this clearly. The "Times" supports Mr. Chamberlain. The "Daily Telegraph" supports Mr. Balfour. Both agree in regarding the Prime Minister's resignation as an immediate probability.

The general election may be looked for, therefore, very soon. Whoever accepts office on behalf of the Liberals will be bound to go to the country, and the next session will be the first of a new Parliament. The long-expected moment seems at last to be really at hand. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Whoever enjoys not life, I count him but an apparition, though he wear about him the visible affections of flesh.—Sir Thomas Browne.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ALICE COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD, who has come forward so generously with a gift of £20 to help the *Daily Mirror* scheme for finding work for the unemployed, is a daughter of the first Lord Ellesmere and the widow of the third Lord Strafford. Her husband was the eldest brother of the present peer, and held for some time distinguished positions in the Government—at the Foreign Office and as Under-Secretary of State for India. Alice Lady Strafford has lived mainly in London for years, and has been able therefore to see for herself how crying is the need for some solution to the problem of the enormous city's poverty and suffering.

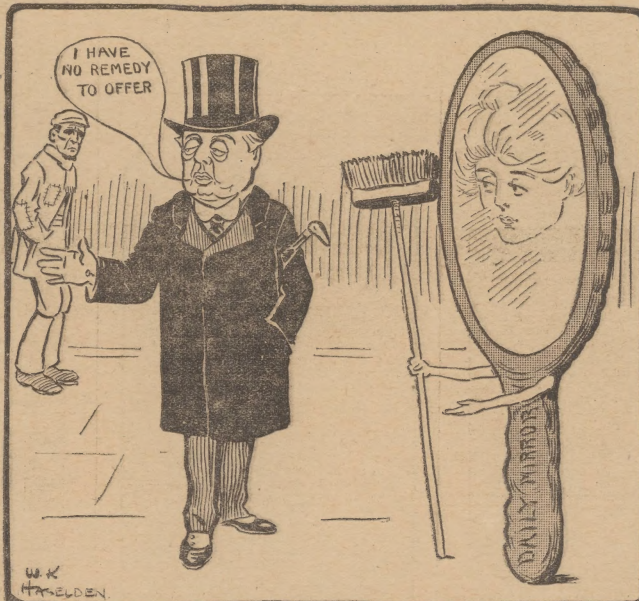
We are sorry to hear that Signor Randegger, the well-known conductor, has been laid up by an accident to his foot in Norwich, where he is generally one of the leaders of the Musical Festival. Signor Randegger is so familiar a figure in the English world of music that one can hardly believe that he was born at Trieste, and never came to England, nor knew a word of our language, until he was past twenty. It then happened that, while he intended to go to New York to conduct a season of Italian opera, he was forced to stay in Paris

gives to her appreciative American audiences. Some years ago certain details in the performance of "Carmen" gave prim people offence; then the production of "Sapho" brought on a lawsuit, with Miss Nethersole weeping in court, a triumphant acquittal, and an enormous increase in the box-office takings; finally, "The Labyrinth," a translation of "Le Dédale," by M. Paul Hervieu, has been found by "many Montreal ladies" to be too plain-spoken for that susceptible city.

How strange the Americans are in matters of this kind. Whence do they get their standard of morality if they condemn a play like this of M. Hervieu's, which is a work with a severe and highly-respectable purpose, and is directed against the laxity in the French law of divorce? Why, it was greeted with an edifying enthusiasm by no less a person than M. Brunetière, the famous critic who has now constituted himself a kind of moral censor and father confessor to the rest of France. Really, the Montreal ladies are difficult to please.

Miss Nethersole, in spite of the shocks which she periodically administers to the weak nerves of spinsters in America, is far more popular over there than she has ever been in London. Mme. Bernhardt once said to her, I remember: "The English do not appreciate you, my dear; you must

THE "DAILY MIRROR" OFFERS LORD ROSEBERY A USEFUL HINT.



In his speech on Tuesday Lord Rosebery said he had no remedy to offer for the Unemployed. The remedy, of course, is to find work for them. That is what the "Daily Mirror" has done and is still doing. Will Lord Rosebery take the hint?

by news of the cholera outbreak in America. Then he received a letter from his brother, who said: "You ought to go and see London before you return home."

Many Englishmen (I think Mr. Horatio Brown, of Venetian fame, is an example) have gone to Italy intending to stay a week, a month, or perhaps a year, and have stayed for ever. Signor Randegger's "visit" to London was of that kind, and he has never left England since. Yet he had, at first, tremendous difficulties with the language. He took rooms at a boarding-house and associated with the odd people who inhabit those retreats—did penance in the company of bespectacled frumps, meddlesome and marriageable spinsters, and pompous gentlemen "of repellent aspect remotely connected with education"—merely in order to improve his accent.

This end he achieved by making for himself a kind of euphonic grammar of English. Thus, hearing the word "enough," he immediately wrote down "inot," and kept the word by to learn. That is a principle which may lead to regrettable results, as in the French phrase-books where English innocents are perpetually urged to pronounce garcon as though it were written garson, and donnezmoi is indicated by the truculent-looking syllables donnez-moi. What the result is on the accent of the average Englishman we know only too well.

Miss Olga Nethersole appears to be perpetually in difficulties about the morality of the plays she

come to Paris." She has gone to America instead. Miss Nethersole's first appearance, by the way, was made before an audience of madmen, at Colney Hatch, and the performance was punctuated by their irrelevant remarks. The whole affair so shocked and terrified her that she felt inclined never to act again.

Christmas shopping, like the Christmas numbers of the magazines, always begins early in London, and already the streets begin to look festive on fine, cold evenings with the shops lit right up to dinner-time. Several of the best hotels are crowded with people bent on present-buying before the crush and inconvenience begins. At the Savoy any number of distinguished foreigners have been enjoying the winter season—Princess Hohenlohe, Baron de Turckheim, Baroness von Fisher, and M. André Lazard were amongst them.

Rather more English people have been at Claridge's lately—amongst others the Duke of Roxburghe has spent some time there—and every suite in the house is taken. Another delightful hotel for this great purpose of shopping is the Berkeley, where the Landgraf of Hesse and the Duke and Duchess of Manchester have been staying. There you are only a few minutes away from the best shops in London, in the very centre of things. Yet you are also in a quiet house, furnished with perfect taste—perfect, because so unostentatious. The dining-room, with its brown-red scheme of colour, the oak panelling everywhere, and the splendid smoking hall make it seem like some ancestral country house transported suddenly to Piccadilly.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

PIG RAISING: AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

I see a correspondent, writing from one of the counties, asks: "Why do we not raise more hogs?" and states that there is plenty of swill and refuse from the cities to do so.

Does he realise that hogs in America are not raised on refuse, but the finest of corn? It would be impossible to raise hogs on roots, refuse, etc.; they would become so impregnated with disease that they would not live long.

Good, clean, warm houses, plenty of straw and chaff, with a good deal of corn, plenty of room to run on the green—this is what makes sweet, wholesome pork and tender.

Let there be plenty of corn raised, and Mr. Chamberlain will not need to put duty on corn. This country is in every respect the same as the middle States of America for the raising of all the corn it could possibly consume. Plant Russian corn—that is the best for this country. Protect, but protect right. F. S. LEFF, Corn and Hog Raiser, Merton Hall-road, Wimbledon.

DR. YORKE-DAVIES AND JAPANESE DIET.

Mrs. Bishop, in her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," writes:—"As animals are not used for milk, draught, or food, and there are no pasture lands, both the country and the farmyards have a singular silence and an inanimate look."

"A mean-looking dog and a few fowls being the only representatives of domestic animal life, I longed for the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep." That is not "just as we do"—as Dr. Yorke-Davies says.

There are very many pure vegetarians. I, for one, never take any food derived from other animals. Yet mine is at least equal to the best of other kinds, for the pleasure and the nourishment it gives. C. P. NEWCOMBE.

THE ERRAND-BOY'S WHISTLE.

The Mayor of Lancaster would severely recommend errand-boys to whistle if he lived anywhere near here.

He says they would not smoke so much if they whistled. I do not know about that, but I know that the shrill street whistling in London is a horrible nuisance.

It would not be so bad if boys whistled correctly, and in tune. The scariest sound to my ears is the one wretched little imp disturb the quiet and rack the nerves of a whole street? A MUSICIAN. Cadogan-gardens, S.W.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAY DELAYS.

The dawdling and overcrowding of the Metropolitan and District trains is a disgrace to the managers of the line, but why put up with it?

I travel now by omnibuses from Kensington to Charing Cross—not the old, slow, rumbly ill-lit horse-omnibuses, but the excellent motor-omnibuses which shoot past the other traffic and add greatly to the comfort and convenience of life.

No more "Underground" for me. Kensington, W. CYRIL SCARLETT.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Sultan of Turkey.

THE "sick man" of Europe has been taken with one of his periodic fits of obscurity, and has pettishly refused to consent to the financial reform of Macedonia, the dose which the other valid Powers—the doctors whose disagreement keeps the languid life within him—are determined to make him take.

Abdul Hamid II. has always managed to play the doctors off against one another, and to enjoy himself very fairly well in spite of their bad opinion of him. He succeeded his brother, Murad V., in 1876, and has certainly been in this reign of nearly thirty years the most bitterly-reviled of contemporary figures.

To give an account of the various scoldings administered to him would be to give, and to enjoy, of his career. Mr. Gladstone scolded him terribly, rising up like the valiant warrior he was, to condemn the Sultan as the "great assassin," in a speech which recalled the Book of Revelations. That was after one of the sick man's massacres—little did he know he probably thinks them—of his Armenian subjects.

The Bte Dr. Parker publicly cursed him from the pulpit in the City Temple; Mr. William Watson roused the poetical muse against him; poets and statesmen, all over Europe and America, have blindly told him the facts about himself.

But so long as he avoids assassination and has plenty of money to spend, he appears to be no different to mere Western critics of his Eastern amusements and ease.

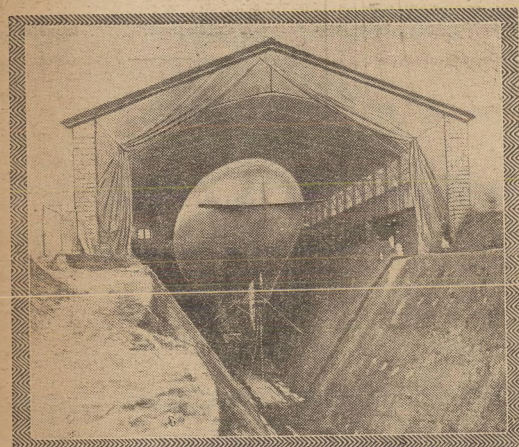
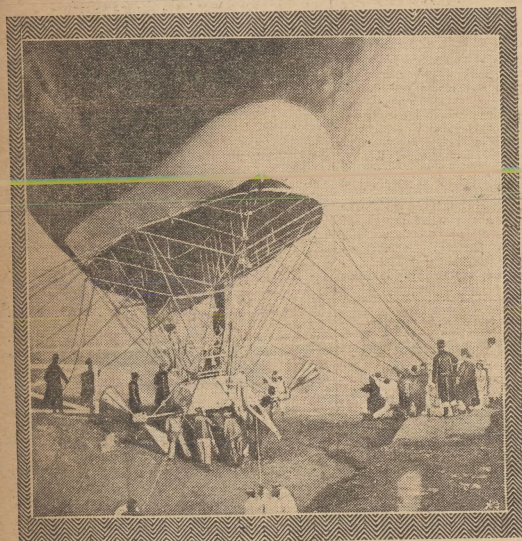
IN MY GARDEN.

NOVEMBER 23.—While town-dwellers are experiencing the first fogs of winter, we in the country are enjoying invigorating frosts and brilliant sunshine.

The frosts, however, must have upset many gardeners' planting arrangements, it being imprudent to attempt planting during such cold weather. Roses especially should be kept out of the ground until warmer days arrive. If, in some sheltered position under an evergreen tree, their roots are covered with a good depth of soil, no harm will result. E. F. T.

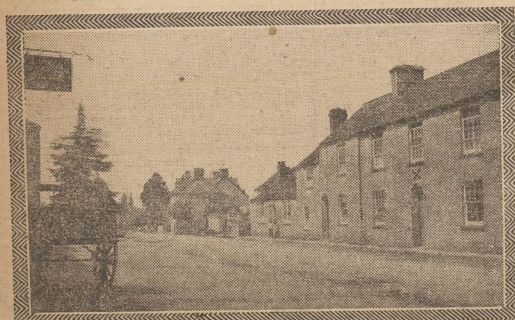
NEWS VIEWS

LATEST DESIGN. IN AIRSHIPS.



M. Lebaudy's newest and most successful dirigible airship. Great interest has been taken in it by the French Government. Top picture shows the airship preparing for ascent with French officers on board. The lower, the airship resting in a pit excavated for it.

IRVING'S BIRTHPLACE FOR SALE.



The house in Keinton, in Somersetshire, where the late Sir Henry Irving was born. It will be offered for sale to-day at the Mart in Token-house-yard. The house is marked with an X in the photograph.

PRINCESS LOUISE,



President of the Ladies' Work Society, leaving 42, Park-street, where she opened the Christmas sale of work.

LADY CRITCHETT,



Honorary secretary of the Ladies' Work Society. The Christmas sale was most successful under the patronage of the Duchess of Argyll.

LORD MAYOR OF YORK.



Mr. H. Vernon Wragge, new Recorder of Pontefract, who has filled the office of Lord Mayor of York for three successive years—a record.

FUNERAL

STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BURL



(1) Relations and friends visiting the graves of the victims; (2) men victims; (3) the head of the procession starting—distressing scenes the streets of Glasgow for the funeral procession of those who

BUSY MONARCHS: KING OF



On the left is King Carlos of Portugal, who has just arrived in Pa public. On the right the German Emperor is inspecting the young Six new cruisers are to be added

NEWS OF GLASGOW FIRE DISASTER.

OF THE GLASGOW FIRE VICTIMS.



ed in digging graves in the cemetery for the unfortunate
nesses en route; and (4) shows the huge crowds gathered in
ed in the disastrous fire in a model lodging-house in Glasgow.

RTUGAL AND THE KAISER.



re he was met by M. Loubet, President of the French Re-
for the German navy, in which his Majesty is deeply interested.
by the new programme.

ON THE PLATFORM



Lord Rosebery, who spoke yesterday at Penryn and Falmouth. (Elliott and Fry.)

LORD STANLEY,



The P.M.G., who spoke at Harwich last night.—(Elliott and Fry.)

MR. A. CHAMBERLAIN



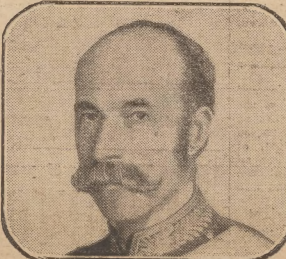
Who spoke at West Bromwich last night.—(Elliott and Fry.)

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN



Addressed a meeting at Stirling yesterday.—(Russell.)

LORD LANSDOWNE.



At Liverpool last night made an important speech.

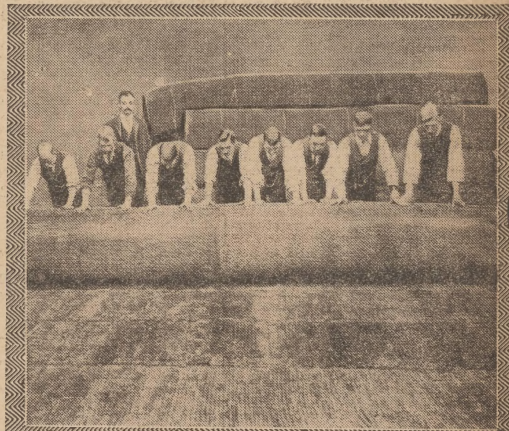
PHOTOGRAPHS

THE DUCHESS THE BEST 'COMMERCIAL'



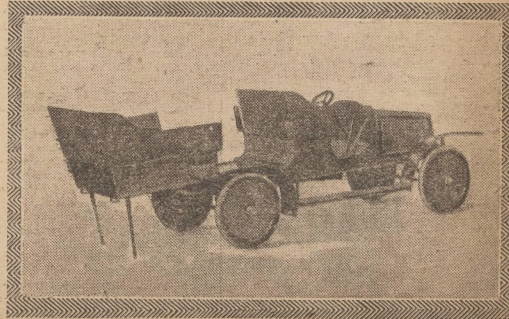
Said the Rev. W. Carlile, speaking of the Duchess of Marlborough at the opening of the bazaar at the Portman Rooms in aid of the Church Army. The Duchess has been indefatigable in finding sales for firewood chopped by the unemployed. Photograph of the men at work. Insert shows the Duchess of Marlborough.—(Lafayette.)

OLYMPIA'S GIANT CARPET.



The enormous turf-like carpet, made of raffia grass, in its finished state. It will be used at Olympia to play cricket, tennis, and football on.

STRIKING MOTOR MODEL.



A beautifully-made model of a motor-car at Olympia, with a patent detachable body, which can be attached to the chassis without bolts or nuts. It was designed by Lieutenant Windham, one of the earliest motorists.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RICHARD BALSHAW, supposed to be a wealthy traveller—in reality Ronald Carstairs, an ex-bank manager, newly released from prison, after serving four years for extensive fraud.
ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Carstairs.
CLARE MAHWRING, a charming young girl, whom Richard Balshaw loves. She became engaged to Ivor Armitage during Balshaw's supposed absence abroad.
DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and ambitious officer.
AN UNKNOWN LADY.
JOHN FRY, secretary to "Mr. Richard Balshaw," alias Roland Carstairs.
MRS. WILBRAHAM, a fascinating widow.
COLONEL MAPPERLEY, an old Anglo-Indian officer.

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued).

"That is exceedingly kind of you, Mrs. Wilbraham," said the vicar warmly. "It would be a terrible thing if Rose King should suffer merely because she is her father's daughter; but I am afraid the world contains far too many narrow-minded people. Of course, I want you to know all about her. She has had a very sad love-affair. You will remember, I daresay, the case of Roland Carstairs, the notorious—"

The vicar paused abruptly, and sprang to Mrs. Wilbraham with an expression of alarm. She had caught her breath quite suddenly, and was pressing a hand to her side as if to quell an acute pain.

"My dear vicar," she whispered, "it's really nothing. I was really hardly hurt at all in that dreadful accident; but I still get a bad twinge sometimes. But do tell me more!"

"She was deeply attached to this Carstairs," continued the vicar, after further expressions of concern. "I am afraid he played fast and loose with her affections. She has never got over this. I am sorry to say. He was a man, I believe, of physical courage, and saved her life on the motor-car accident, was known to him now. She had explained. And Boddicott had expressed his contrition with a certain blunt manliness, remarking that he had never before in his life had such a "clout" given him, and though he was ready to stand up to any man going he trusted that he should never receive another such one. Same time, he'd nobody but himself to thank, and Mr. Balshaw had played the game.

"Yes, Jack."

Rose bore herself almost faintly as they made their way to the Haymarket. She had donned her smartest clothes and her biggest picture hat, and when men or women nudged one another she tossed her head with defiant pride. She was not going to show her feelings to Leicester folk. Thus she had borne herself when the news of Roland Carstairs' arrest reached Leicester. Yet she had suffered agony indescribable. And Jack Boddicott squared his shoulders, and once happening to hear a man whisper to his companion something to the effect that there went Josh. King's daughter—which, after all, was a harmless remark—turned upon him fiercely, and asked him if he wanted his hand knocked off his shoulders. And Rose had writhed at the good intent; but obviously mistaken conduct, of her faithful spouse.

"Don't let them think that you see or hear them!" she whispered fiercely.

For a time he was numbed into silence. She was always trying not to be cruel and abrupt to him. His devotion frequently brought the tears to her eyes; but he was so different to the other man. It was when they reached Stoughton-lane that Boddicott clutched the little leather case, containing a string of imitation pearls, that was always with him. Something had always happened, or his courage just failed him, and he had not yet made his little presentation. But now the feel of it seemed to give him courage.

"Rose," he said awkwardly, "have you made up your mind to leave Leicester?"

"Yes!" Her great eyes flashed. "I can't bear it any longer!"

"Rose," he stammered, his great, rough hand tightening on the leather case, "if I give up my present job, and get fixed up somewhere else, would you—"

"Please, don't speak like that, Jack!" she choked out, and her speed quickened.

"If I can't 'ave you, I won't 'ave nobody," he muttered under his breath, brokenly.

Then, quickening his stride and drawing level, he thrust the leather-case, hot from his honest grip, into her hand.

"Rose," he choked out. "It's not much, and the pearls ain't real—I wish they was—but I should like to think that you'll wear it sometimes. It's not what they cost, but the feelings that go with 'em, so to speak!"

Rose stopped dead. They had the road to themselves. With a piteous cry, she took his rough hands and kissed them, salting them with her burning tears.

But even now the memory of the other man was with her, a barrier between her and this man's honest love.

Silently they passed the entrance to Shady-lane. At the Abbey lodge Boddicott halted. Rose went her way alone.

She drew herself up proudly, and trusted that there were no traces of tears on her cheeks, as a footman opened the great door to her.

The great hall and its wonderful tapestries and armour filled her with a sense of awe. Yet she tried to bear herself as if she had lived in such an atmosphere all her life. She braced herself, or her dignity, ready to resent condescension, as the footman ushered her into a room. Then all her airs fell from her and her heart melted at once at the sight of the beautiful, smiling woman who came towards her with outstretched hands.

"Oh, and what a lovely gown she was wearing!"

"Come in," said Mrs. Wilbraham. "You're Rose King?"

So this was the warehouse-girl—one of his old loves!

(To be continued.)

a drawer of her bureau. She linked her jewelled hands round her forehead.

"What am I doing?" she cried harshly. "What am I doing? Why do I want to bring these two together?"

She drew her letter to Clare from the drawer and tore it into tiny fragments. She would not do this thing. No, she would see Rose King, and try to persuade her to go abroad. She would pay her money to go abroad, and use her influence to get her something to do out of the country, and so remove another possible danger from this man's path.

And the next moment she was weeping scalding tears.

"You shall either love me or hate me!" she choked out.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You'll let me come with you as far as the Abbey, won't you, Rose?"

Jack Boddicott's face was practically normal again. When the news of Joshua King's arrest reached him, he had gone straight to the little house and had done his humble, clumsy best to comfort Rose. He had not been to work since. The reason of Rose's visit to Postern Abbey and her interview with Mr. Balshaw, the Mr. Balshaw who since had been well-nigh killed in the motor-car accident, was known to him now. She had explained. And Boddicott had expressed his contrition with a certain blunt manliness, remarking that he had never before in his life had such a "clout" given him, and though he was ready to stand up to any man going he trusted that he should never receive another such one. Same time, he'd nobody but himself to thank, and Mr. Balshaw had played the game.

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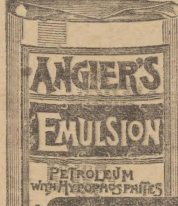
"Oh, and what a lovely gown she was wearing!"

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So this was the warehouse-girl—one of his old loves!

(To be continued.)

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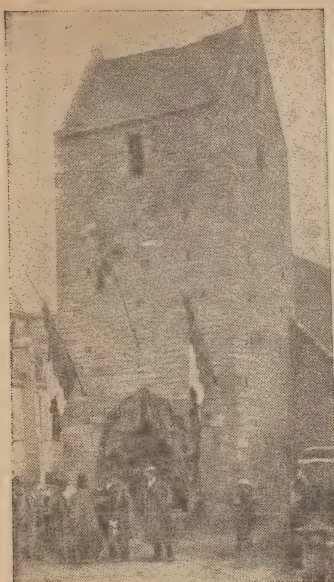
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"OSTOR" MANTLE.

THE CHURCH AT ST. CAST WHERE THE HILDA VICTIMS REST.



On the left is the quaint old fourteenth century church of St. Cast on the French coast, not far from St. Malo, where the bodies of those who went down with the Hilda have been washed up. In the centre, the bodies which have been recovered lie inside the church awaiting burial. On the right, some wreckage and a lifebuoy of the Hilda on the beach.

A CHAT ABOUT BOOKS

Publishers Still Busy Before the Christmas Season.

AN IRVING STORY.

The two principal books published this week were spoken of in a leading article yesterday, and therefore need scarcely more than a word or two here. "The Life of Froude," by Herbert Paul (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, 16s.), is certainly a volume to dip into, if not to read all through. Froude was an interesting man, besides being a great historian, and Mr. Paul's work is done exceedingly well. There is a good deal in it about Carlyle and his wife, whose relations were first revealed to the world in Froude's Life of the "Sage." There are also some shrewd judgments upon public men and some good stories into the bargain, including that one of the double-bass player in a Devonshire church orchestra, who was overheard by Froude to say when the parson gave out the hymn, "Who Is the King of Glory?"—"And us up the rosin, Bill, and we'll show 'im who's the King of Glory!"

"Let Youth But Know," by "Kappa" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), is likely to cause a good deal of stir. It says what most people feel about public school education—that it does a boy no intellectual and little moral good. As a physical training, it is excellent, but we have minds as well as bodies, and we shall want all our wits about us if we are to keep our place among the nations. The public schools must, sooner or later, come under direct State supervision—if not State management. Must we wait until then for a more sensible system, or will they take to heart "Kappa's" persuasive plea for voluntary reform? Anyway, the book is capital reading.

It is fitting that Ellen Terry's son should help to pay a tribute to Henry Irving's memory. The clever little book about the famous actor which Mr.

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LONDON UNDER WATER.



Yesterday London to some extent resembled Venice—the streets were simply running water and the pavements were streaming. "Daily Mirror" sweepers were extremely useful.

POPULAR ROYAL POSTCARD.



Picture postcard of King Haakon and wife and family. It has had a record sale in Norway and Denmark.

Haldane MacFall has written (Foulis) gains an added interest from the drawings by Mr. Gordon Craig. There are many good stories in this informal biography. One of them is new to me. Sir Henry wanted a horse for some production, and one was brought which was said to have fifteen years' stage experience. "An actor, eh?" said Irving, and then the dealer went on to tell how the animal once threw Mr. — into the orchestra on a first night. "Hein!" said Irving, "a critic, too!" Mr. Gordon Craig, by the way, issues through the same publisher, "The Art of the Theatre," an interesting exposition of his views on scenery and stage management.

"The Sands of Pleasure" (E. Grant Richards, 6s.) aims at doing what M. Paul Bourget tried to do long ago—to idealise the "demi-mondaine." Many French writers have had a shot at it since. Now Mr. Filson Young tries his hand. From the moral standpoint this kind of book does no good, because it is not really the truth about the "demi-monde." Sentimentality is always immoral. And artistically it is a failure (at least, so I find it, because it is not interesting. The young engineer who has an "episode" in Paris, and the young woman who shares it, and the friend who looks on, all strike me as unreal. Mr. Filson Young's "Ireland at the Cross-Roads" was a fine piece of writing. This is on a much lower plane.

Miss Violet Hunt has written a very nice book about "The Cat" (A. and C. Black, 6s.), tracing its career from kittenhood to the grown-up stage. There are also some enchanting children in the book. If you know a child who loves pussies and want to win its grateful affection, you cannot do better than give it a copy of "The Cat." Incidentally, you might read it yourself, too. For children, fond of dogs, the gift should be "Peter King" (John Lane, 3s. 6d.), translated from the German by Mrs. Lane. It is a pretty story too.

Is it a good thing for us to know how fearfully and wonderfully we are made? Dr. Saleeby, in a bright and useful little book, "The Doctor and the Simpler Life" (Pall Mall Press, 1s.), says "No." He thinks everyone ought to understand the laws of hygiene (need of fresh air, good food, and so on), but that a knowledge of physiology makes people nervous and faddy. Fads of all kinds Dr. Saleeby generally denounces, especially food fads. "Eat anything," is his general advice, "so long as you don't know it will disagree with you, and don't worry." Good, sound, common sense, that!

Many people, I know, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan's parables stimulating. They will be glad to have such pieces as "God and the Ant" and "A World Without a Child," bound up in a convenient volume. It is called "Visions" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), and the author gives us this by way of preface:—

I have looked on Life: I have looked on Death. I have pined. I have wept. I have smiled. Yet have I no love save that which was learned from flowers and little children, from loving all God's creatures, and from seeing in my visions the Sorrows of Fate.

There is a vein of mystic faith in all the "Visions" which will appeal to simple-hearted people.

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If Not, We Will Explain How You Can Have a Pure, Healthy Skin.

This is a very important question, because you know quite well that it does not improve your appearance to have spots or pimples on your face, red, rough, or chapped hands, and is most unpleasant and uncomfortable to have a rash on your back, a nasty wound on your leg, eczema on your chest, or any other form of skin illness. Another thing to remember is that, if the pores of your skin become stopped up, not only will skin trouble result, but such troubles prevent the skin doing its proper work, and then the general health suffers as well. That's why you should make a point of getting rid of any skin illness you may have, and to do this you want "Antexema," the doctor's remedy for skin troubles. "Antexema" will make a thorough and genuine cure even in the worst and most severe cases.

It is remarkable how many children suffer from skin troubles, and it makes one feel really miserable to think of the misery they endure as a result. They ought not to suffer, and they need not suffer, and if you try "Antexema" you will discover the right and only way to stop their sufferings. You would be surprised if you came to the "Antexema" offices and saw the pile of letters from mothers, fathers, nurses, and doctors all telling of the wonderful and almost miraculous cures worked by "Antexema."

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We do not ask you to take our word that "Antexema" will cure all forms of skin ailments, but we offer you an easy way of testing it at our expense. If you read to the end you will find our special offer of a free trial of "Antexema," and also of our valuable little family handbook, "Skin Troubles," which is crammed with facts that you ought to know, and that you will be grateful to us for telling you about. The handbook tells you about the following, amongst other skin troubles, and explains how to cure them:—Acne, Baby's Skin Troubles, Bad Complexion, Barber's Itch, Blackheads, Boils, Burns and Scalds, Corns and Bunions, Irritable Skin: Skin Trouble of Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema, Erysipelas, Facial Blemishes, Gouty Eczema, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettle-rash, Piles, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Shingles, Scrofula.

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No one who has any skin trouble, whether of the face, hands, or neck, where it is visible, or on other parts of the body where it is covered up, wants to put a nasty greasy ointment on the place. "Antexema" is not an ointment, it has no smell, is clean in use, and is invisible on the skin. In appearance it is a milky liquid, and when applied to the skin it is rapidly absorbed and forms a sort of artificial skin of the affected spot, and under this a new and healthy cuticle is able to grow. "Antexema" was the discovery of a well-known doctor, and the proof of its extraordinary curative powers in every form of skin trouble is overwhelming. Hardly a day passes without someone writing a grateful letter of thanks for some wonderful cure worked by "Antexema," but for obvious reasons we do not give the names of our correspondents in the public Press.

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"Antexema" is supplied by all chemists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. Read our family handbook, entitled "Skin Troubles," which will be forwarded post free to readers of the "Daily Mirror," together with a free trial of "Antexema." Mention this paper when you write, and enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 89, Castle-road, London, N.W.

Why you yourself should go on being miserable or look unsightly owing to some skin trouble, or should let one of your children suffer, when "Antexema" will effect a cure. (2) Why not try "Antexema," when we prove our belief that it will cure you by offering a free trial. Either get a bottle of "Antexema" at once, or send for the family handbook and sample to-day.

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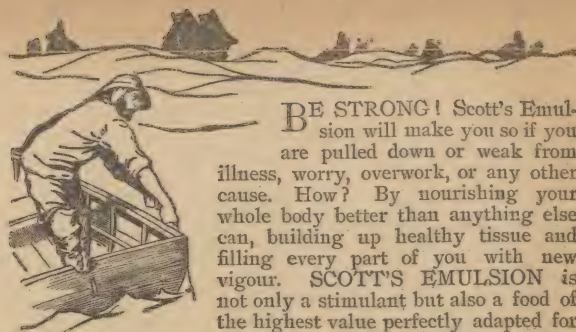
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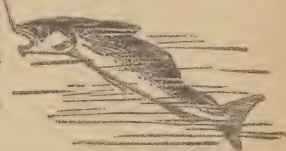
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man, woman, or child. The original unique Scott process alone utilises the full nourishment contained in cod liver oil by making it thoroughly digestible and thoroughly nice. You feel yourself growing stronger day by day. ¶ Milnethorpe Road, Holme, Carnforth. August 18th, 1905. "I went out with my regiment to the South African war, and was wounded at Watervaal. I was getting better when I was attacked with that dreadful fever—enteric—and lay from Christmas till May in hospital in Pretoria. I was then ordered home and was eventually discharged as "unfit for further service." I continued very bad, losing weight all the time and thought I was going off into consumption. I underwent several different treatments, but without deriving any benefit. Then hearing of Scott's Emulsion, I decided to try it, although with little hope. However, I soon began to feel that your remedy was making me feel stronger and better, and I very quickly lost the depressed feeling that my long illness had caused. I persevered steadily in the treatment, and am very heartily glad to be able to say that Scott's Emulsion has been the means of again restoring me to a condition of good sound health, for which I feel very grateful." W. E. Wilson. ¶ If these proofs prompt you to ask for SCOTT'S, get SCOTT'S. Other emulsions had no part in the results stated above. Send for a free sample bottle and "The Good-Time Garden" (enclosing 4d. for postage and — mentioning this paper). — SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

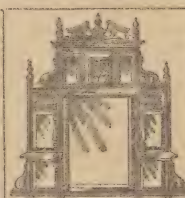


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same meeting Mr. Davis will move that the proceeds of the international trial match, Amateurs of South v. Professionals of South, be devoted to the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed. The draw for the fourth qualifying round of the Cup competition will also be made.

The Buying Power of 2d. a Day

2d. a day is the price of a 'bus ride or of a morning and afternoon newspaper, and yet that is all the monthly payments amount to if you buy The International Library with its 10,000 pages of interesting and instructive reading for every member of the family, reading that will last a lifetime—the best that has ever been written. And for only 2s. 6d. down you may have the Library in a handsome fumed oak bookcase in your home for a whole month before you commence the 5/- monthly payments that complete your purchase. This extraordinary chance comes to you through the

Advertising project of "Lloyd's Weekly News."

The Books

The "International" is a complete Library, twenty large and beautiful volumes, containing the best things that have ever been written, the masterpieces of the greatest writers of good books the whole world over, living and dead, English, French, German, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Scandinavian, American, Italian, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Persian; every nation, ancient and modern, that has produced a writer of good, interesting books; all of it, of course, done into good English, so that you do not need to know any other language, but can read in your own tongue the great writings of all lands and all times—enough intensely interesting reading to last a lifetime. The Library contains over 10,000 big pages, printed in large, clear type on handsome, soft book-paper of capital quality; there are about 500 full-page pictures in the set, each printed separately from the type pages, on fine art coated paper; the bindings are rich, handsome, and durable. The whole is a set of books such as only very well-to-do people have felt able to own until we found the way to reduce the price without in any way cheapening the quality of the paper, printing, or binding.

The World's Best

The International Library brings together, in its twenty handsome volumes, some thousand of the greatest writers of the most thrilling fiction, fascinating poetry, dramatic history, brilliant essays, masterful speeches that have made history, the world's best short stories, and every other kind of interesting writings.

Twenty volumes—big volumes such as the International Library—are just large enough to hold the best things. Twenty volumes a man can manage to read. Twenty volumes in a substantial bookcase make a handsome addition to the furniture in the home.

Arrangement

Each author is placed in congenial company, so that the Library shall sustain the interest of the reader as he goes through volume after volume. Instead of reading haphazard, the purchaser has his books all arranged so that he reads with pleasure the various styles and authors that are thus all set off to the best advantage.

A Vast Index

The splendid index makes it easy for a reader to find an author, or the speech, poem, or historical event referred to in his daily paper. As a work of reference alone it is invaluable. You can find almost anything you may wish to know about books or their writers. But, unlike ordinary books of reference, the Library keeps you closely interested, and tempts you to read on and on.

Although the International Library is entirely in English, and is largely composed of British authors, it was necessary, in order to make it an international library, to include the great works of the best foreign writers, translated into English.

The Selection of Experts

The International Library is complete in itself, and does for you what you would like to do for yourself in a great public library. It selects what is best of the best works of the great authors of the world. The Editor-in-Chief, Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., was for fifty years officially connected with the library of the British Museum, and for a large part of that time was the Keeper of Printed Books. The greatest library in the world is the National Library of France. M. Leon Vallee, Librarian

there, was associated with Dr. Garnett in this great work. Dr. Alois Brandl, of the Imperial University of Berlin, one of the greatest authorities on literature, represented Germany on the Board of Editors and Donald G. Mitchell, of Yale University, was sponsor for the American writers.

NAME

2-P

ADDRESS

The Guarantee of Value

The International Library graces 20,000 homes, including those of

The Earl of Annesley
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The Duchess of Bedford
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The Marquess of Queensberry
Lord Rothschild
The Dean of Canterbury
The Earl of Gosford

Sir James Joicey, Bart.
The Lord Bishop of Argyll
Sir Forrest Fulton
Count Albert Mensdorff
Lady Wolsley
The Lord Chi-Chi Baron Palles
Lord de Saumarez
The Viscountess Molesworth
Joseph B. Robinson

and distinguished members of Parliament, the Church, the Bar, the Navy and Army, and eminent people in the world of Art, Science and Letters, etc.

That is one guarantee of value. 20,000 such people do not buy a book unless it is a good one.

Here's Another

So enormous was the response to our unprecedented offer to sell a complete Library and a handsome bookcase for 2s. 6d. down and 5s. a month that in the first week 8,827 inquiries for Libraries were received, and they have since been pouring in by every post.

Although there were several thousand bound sets of the Library on hand when we started this sale about three months ago, this stock was wiped out in the first two weeks, and the binders have been unable in any one week to deliver as many sets as sold, falling steadily behind—an unprecedented happening. Do you need any stronger testimony of value?

THE POST-FREE BOOKLET

It is impossible in such limited space to give any adequate idea of the International Library and its 10,000 pages of interesting and instructive reading. The big 120-page booklet, which we will send you post free on request, contains a full description of this great collection of books, specimen type pages and illustrations, and details of our great advertising project. Send the coupon or a postcard for it to-day to THE MANAGER, LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS, 2-P, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

Some Interesting Facts

The 4,000,000 volumes in the 200,000 Libraries would stretch from London to Paris.

7,802,400 pounds of paper will be required for the printing of the 200,000 Libraries.

The 2,000,000,000 pages if placed end to end would encircle the world 12 times.

The printing presses must make 71,200,000 impressions to complete the work.

If run on one modern book-printing press, in operation 300 days in each year, thirty-one years would be required to print the 4,000,000 volumes.

To bind the 4,000,000 volumes thousands of yards of cloth and the skins of 435,000 animals will be required.

If the 200,000 bookcases were piled on top of each other they would reach 114 miles into the air, or a height 600 times that of the Eiffel Tower.

The Cost

You pay only 2s. 6d. down, and the twenty big, sumptuous volumes and the specially designed, handsome fumed-oak bookcase are sent, carriage paid, and you have nothing more to pay until the books and bookcase have been in your home for a whole month. After one clear month you complete the purchase by 5s. monthly payments.

Decide Now

At the rate the Libraries are being sold, only the promptest of the prompt can hope for early delivery. Orders are filled in rotation—first come first served, and delay in ordering may mean weeks of waiting; therefore, if you wish to make sure of a Library, send at once for the descriptive booklet and specimen pages, sent post free. A postcard will do, or use the coupon on left hand side of this page.

The Bargain

The history of this great output of books (the greatest the world has ever known) is quickly told, but required months of investigation and planning. When Lloyd's hit upon this advertising project, the greatest difficulty was to find a suitable library. It had to be a popular library, popular in the sense of appealing to both young and old in every walk of life. Boys and girls, youths and maidens, fathers and mothers, and the old folks as well, read "Lloyd's News," and to each and all of them the library selected must be interesting. No work designed chiefly for scholars, therefore, would do. On the other hand, it was necessary to secure good books of standard quality, made up of reading that is good now and will be equally so in ten or twenty years. In other words, to suit their purpose, Lloyd's requirements for a library were, first, that it should be irresistibly interesting to every member of the family; second, that it should afford instruction as well as entertainment; third, that it should be made up of the best things that have been written by the greatest authors of all time; and lastly, that it should be possible to manufacture the library so well that it would adorn both the rich and the humble home.

A Great Success

Lloyd's was fortunate in securing the International Library. We felt sure after careful examination and investigation that it satisfied every requirement. The flood of orders which we have received, and the enthusiastic praise of the Library by those who have already bought it, prove that we were right. In the first few days after our offer was announced, the stock which we had provided for a month's supply was literally swept away by an avalanche of orders, and we were forced to engage the services of every available large bookbinding establishment in the kingdom, and to double the original edition of 100,000 sets planned.

Wholesale Savings

There was another requirement set by Lloyd's which had to do with the Library itself, but with its sale. To accomplish our full purpose the Library must be distributed on terms of sale that would meet the possibilities of a small income. This made a venture that only Lloyd's could accomplish. By preparing a very large edition, great savings in manufacture were made, and these without cheapening the quality of paper, printing, or binding.

Then, too, 20,000 sets of the Library had already been sold, and this large edition has paid for the cost of editing, type-setting, making plates, etc., so that this usually great item of "making ready" was eliminated from Lloyd's expense. Besides, by distributing directly, Lloyd's avoided the usual middleman's profits. Finally, we are distributing these Libraries as an advertising project, and not to make a profit on the book-selling. So that, one thing with another, the smallest shred of unnecessary cost has been kept out of the making of the Library, and it is offered at a price below anything ever heard of. There is no advertisement either on the books or on the bookcase, but in distributing 200,000 sets Lloyd's name will become permanently associated with the Library, and each set will remain a standing advertisement for "Lloyd's News."

ONLY 2d. A DAY

Even the price asked must be more than is convenient for some to pay down in a single sum, and our object would be defeated if there were one ambitious man, woman, or child who could not take advantage of our offer. So we arranged to despatch the complete Library of twenty handsome large volumes and the beautiful fumed-oak bookcase, carriage paid, for a payment down of only 2s. 6d. You have nothing more to pay till you have had the twenty big books and the bookcase in your home for a whole month. Then you pay five shillings a month (which amounts to only 2d. a day) until the purchase is completed, and you have the Library to read and revel in, you and your family, all the time you are paying for it and for ever after.
